

UP TO THIS POINT IT'S BEEN OK ONLY WELL NOW IT'S CONFUSING

the doctor, suddenly
he seems so
old, herding
me into this
dirty room, the
towels: I'm
wondering is the
red blood or
rouge
And why this
pink glass
full of scotch,
his lips
on my nipples

FAMILY

at night the
slashed cherry
stretches roots
deep under
the garage

revenge on my
grandfather
pits will
star his
night

and for
sinning with
the egg girl
50 years
back

the chickenhouse
grows wings
claws settle
on his
lips and
nothing
sleeps right

DRY GOODS

the sign still
says and
sons
but the
oldest fell or
jumped
summer 1920

after that i
didn't go so much
to shul
the other's living
in california

these undershirts i got
for 40 years you
didn't know
gutman's out of
business so
long raise he

says the woman hardly
moves leans into
a hill of
levis

we used to shut saturdays
listen he says
a bargain

downstairs the
walls sweat
50 years